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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD

ARMY CORPS ASSOCIATION,

AT ITS

SECOND ANNUAL REUNION

ON THE

THIRTIETH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1866,

AT

**Indianapolis, Ind.,**

WITH ADDRESS OF

Gen. THOMAS L. YOUNG, of Cincinnati,

AND A

POEM ON THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE,

BY

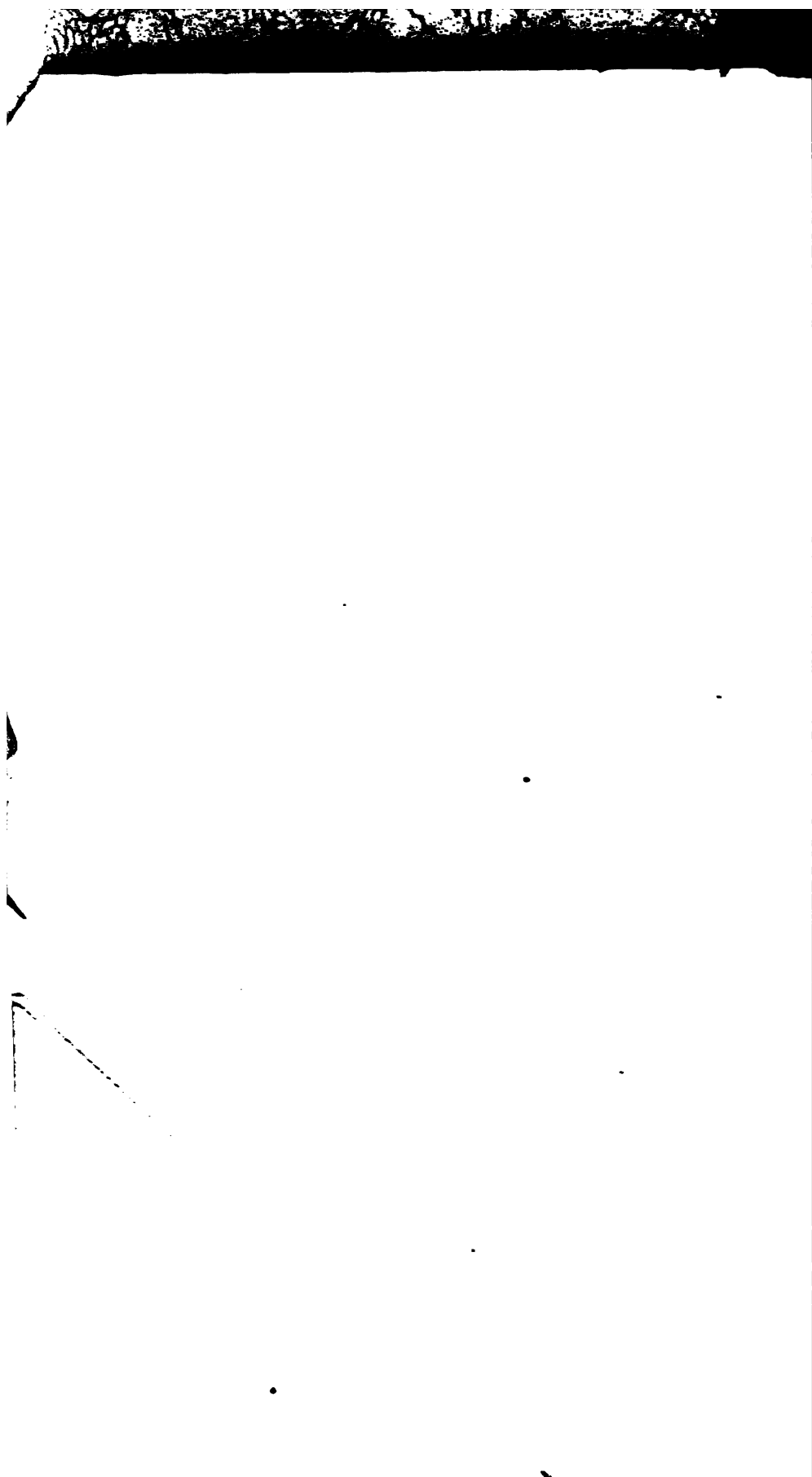
Gen. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, of Toledo,

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1867.



PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
**Twenty-Third Army Corps Association,**  
ON THE  
THIRTIETH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1866,  
AT  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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The Second Annual Reunion of the Twenty-Third Corps Association was held on the 30th day of November, 1866, at the city of Indianapolis.

Morrison's Opera Hall was very beautifully decorated for the occasion by the Indianapolis Comrades, assisted by their lady friends. Swung around the circle of the gallery were festoons of laurels and colors and regimental flags of the various Indiana Regiments which had served in that Corps during its brilliant career in the late war to crush treason.

On either end of the stage was a group of tattered banners, furled but showing the marks of the struggle through which they had been carried. Pendant from these were two cavalry guidons, and at the base of the staves were the portraits of the late President Lincoln, with that of General Sherman; *vis a vis* photographs of the families of George Washington and Mr. Lincoln, were also hung upon either side of the platform. At the rear were the colors of the 65th and 128d regiments crossed, and resting in the pivot the portrait of General Grant. The stand was covered with the large post headquarters flag and at each corner, miniature cannons pointed to the portrait of General Thomas, under whose command the great victory at Franklin, Tennessee, which the meeting of the Corps was intended to celebrate, was won. This portrait was flanked by those of Sherman and Grant.

The effect was extremely fine for such an occasion. At half-past two o'clock the Association was called to order by the President, General John C. McQiston, and the band discoursed an appropriate air, after which the Senior Vice President General Strickland, explained briefly the objects of the assemblage.

It was not for a religious, political or civil purpose, but simply that the members of the old Twenty-Third Corps might annually meet on the day of some battle, and enjoy a pleasant reunion, and have their friendship strengthened and renewed by social intercourse. This Association was formed at Raleigh, North Carolina, about twenty months since. The first meeting was held at Cincinnati, where they had a jolly, jovial, good time, and although the number here to-day is not as large as it was then, that was no cause why the meeting should not be as pleasant.

#### THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY.

It was agreed that the next anniversary meeting should be held at Louisville, Kentucky, on the Wednesday following the 15th of December, 1867, to celebrate the two days' battle of Nashville, Tennessee.

#### ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Association then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

PRESIDENT.—Colonel Thomas Farleigh, of Kentucky.

VICE PRESIDENTS.—Senior Vice President—General John R. Bond, of Ohio.

For the State of Ohio—General Thomas L. Young.

For the State of Illinois—Colonel Fred. T. Milholand.

For the State of Kentucky—Captain W. C. Musselman.

For the State of Indiana—General Charles S. Parrish.

For the State of Michigan—Major John Carland.

For the State of Tennessee—General Joseph Cooper.

For the State of Minnesota—General M. W. Thomas.

For the State of New York—Major Fred. Clemens.

For the State of Massachusetts—Captain Henry A. Hale.

*completing* SECRETARY.—Major A. M. Aten, of Ohio. *Cincinnati*

CORRESPONDING COMMITTEE.—Chaplain Pollock, of Ohio;

Captain Harvey, of Indianapolis; and Adjutant Speed, of Louisville, were appointed a Corresponding Committee.

**FINANCE COMMITTEE.**—Captain Harney, of Indianapolis; Major Aten, of Ohio; Colonels Burgess and Schlater, of Indianapolis, were appointed as Finance Committee.

**LOCAL COMMITTEE.**—The President of the Association appointed Colonel Wood, Adjutant Speed and Captain Pratt, of Louisville, as a Local Committee to make arrangements for the next anniversary.

**ORATOR AND POET.**—Gen. Edgar Sowers, of Cleveland, Ohio, was selected as the next orator for the occasion, and Chaplain Pollock, of Ohio, selected as poet.

The following letters were read by the Secretary :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE POTOMAC,  
Richmond, Va., Nov. 28, 1866.

*To the President of the Twenty-Third Corps :*

DEAR GENERAL—I have just received your letter of November 18th, kindly requesting me to attend the second anniversary meeting of the Twenty-Third Army Corps at Indianapolis, on the 30th of this month.

Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to meet my old comrades of that noble Corps, which I had the honor to command during the most eventful period of its history. My official duties will probably prevent my meeting you on the 30th, but I beg you to assure all who may be present of my undiminished affection and regard. I wish you many happy reunions on the anniversary of "Franklin."

Very truly your friend,

J. M. SCHOFIELD,  
Major-General, U. S. A.

GREENSBURG, KY., November 28, 1866.

*To the President of the Corps :*

SIR—Your invitation to attend the meeting of the Twenty-Third Army Corps has been received. I regret exceedingly that my engagements are such as will prevent my attendance on the 30th instant. In future I will endeavor to be present and co-operate with the gallant officers and soldiers of the Twenty-Third Army Corps.

Very respectfully,

E. H. HOBSON,  
Late Brigadier-General.

STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
COLUMBUS, November 28, 1866.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—The fates are against me in trying to attend the Twenty-Third Corps' meetings. The time happens to be one which conflicts in the greatest possible degree with our State work. The fiscal year ending on the 15th of November, makes a press of work in all the Departments preparing for the Legislature; and in addition I am *ex-officio* President of the Agricultural Board, which is to meet in my office on the 30th, the same day as your Indianapolis



meeting. I must rely on you to explain my inability to our old comrades, and to greet them for me, as I should like to do for myself.

Ever yours truly,

J. D. COX.

To S. A. STRICKLAND.

LEADER EDITORIAL ROOMS,  
CLEVELAND, November 26, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND STRICKLAND:

I hardly think it will be possible for me to attend the celebration at Indianapolis, as I am so much engaged here. I take a deep interest, however, in the celebration, and trust the organization will be kept up.

If possible, I will be with you. With many regards and wishes for success,  
I am yours truly, I. R. SHERWOOD.

After concluding the business of the session the Association adjourned until half-past seven o'clock.

At night, a fine audience greeted the members of the Corps at the hall for their night meeting. General Strickland, the senior Vice President, presided, and introduced Governor Morton, saying that while in the South battling with the rebels he was one that stood by them, whose name was a tower of strength.

The Governor was received with applause. He had come to perform a pleasurable duty, which was to welcome them to the city of Indianapolis. The Twenty-Third Corps had seen much service, had had many opportunities to vindicate their love for their country, and it was simple justice to say that they had been improved to the utmost.

He then briefly reviewed the campaigns of that corps in the field, and more particularly while in Tennessee. The battle of Franklin, in which this corps bore the brunt, was one of the most important and decisive fought during the war. By that battle the power of Hood's army was broken, and it sat down before Nashville dispirited and disheartened. After the raising of that siege, the Twenty-Third Corps was sent to the East, and participated in the closing scenes of the rebellion.

He closed by saying that the deeds they had done were highly appreciated. Indiana had thirteen regiments represented in that Corps. They had fought side by side with those from Ohio, Kentucky, and other States. The country was saved, not by statesmanship, but by the strength and patriotism of its army. The sky looked overcast now, but he had confidence in the strength, invincibility and patriotism of the people. The

Governor thanked the meeting for the honor done him by its President, and expressed his joy at being present.

At the close of his eloquent welcoming address the Governor was loudly cheered.

### THE ORATION.

The orator of the evening, General THOMAS L. YOUNG, of Cincinnati was then introduced, and delivered the following address :

#### GENERAL YOUNG'S ADDRESS.

COMRADES, we have met again on the anniversary of one of the leading events of the late war, to renew the acquaintances and friendships formed on the tented field. The occasion and the event both conspire to impose a theme for the hour. We could not pass it by without paying a tribute to the memory of the fallen, or referring to those events which are destined to stand evermore like pillars of fire on the shores of time.

The memory of the fallen! We approach the theme with mingled feelings of reverence and anguish and pride. Their deeds and their sacrifices inspire us with reverence and love—their sad fate fills us with the keenest anguish, and their conduct, devotion and heroism awakes within us the loftiest pride. By the free offering of their precious blood, the very soil of our nation has been hallowed and sanctified to a truer liberty. The names of Sanders, Elsner, Hutcheson, Camp, Prutzman, Lowry, Denny, Torr, Owen, Carnash and Gallup will ever be held in affectionate remembrance by those who learned their merits on the field. But these were only representatives of those who, with equal courage and patriotism, gave their lives for the same great end; and who now lie in nameless graves on the battle-fields of the nation. Scattered over the sunny South, their ashes rest in peace beneath the eod of the valleys—the mountains are their only tombstones, while rippling brooks and rushing rivers chant the endless hymns of their praises:

"On fame's eternal camping grounds  
Their silent tents are spread;  
While glory guards with solemn rounds  
The bivouac of the dead."

Their memories and their fame are the rich inheritance of the Nation; their deeds will kindle admiration, their fate cause

a pang of sorrow, while their devotion and heroism will convince us that the love of liberty still lives in the hearts of our people.

Of Knoxville and Atlanta, of Franklin, Nashville and Wilmington, it is enough for you as soldiers to know that your heroism caused them to be inscribed on your banners as a glorious acknowledgment of your patience and courage. But to you, as patriots, a deeper significance is attached to those names and others. Those fields are not fixed in history merely for the deeds done upon them. That is indeed much, but it is not all. It is not that the grand strategy of Sherman, the brilliancy of Sheridan, the patient skill of Meade, the unerring judgment of Thomas, and the victorious combinations of Grant, were there displayed, so as to win for themselves and their countrymen the highest military honors. These great qualities and glorious results may not be forgotten, but they are not all. But it is that upon these fields the life of the nation was imperilled and was defended; it is that there the cause of constitutional liberty was betrayed and was rescued; it is that there the dearest rights of humanity were beset with dangerous enemies, and that there those enemies were overcome and confounded. It is for this reason that we, in common with all patriots, will hold those names in lasting remembrance. Hence it is not only for the heroism there evinced, but for the cause secured by that heroism, that patriots name with pride and gratitude the fields of national honor; and hence also it is that in the memory of the deeds done there the cause of constitutional liberty has its strongest fortress.

Gettysburg and Yorktown, Vicksburg and Saratoga, Franklin and Lexington, are linked in our memories by kindred ties, and awaken kindred emotions.

Who is there whose pulse does not quicken, whose patriotism does not glow with a steadier heat at the mention of those places where Washington and his compatriots led our revolutionary armies to victory and our people to liberty? Mark well the man whose feelings are cold—whose admiration is not kindled by their remembrance; and you will find in him the material of which ambition makes a traitor. That there are many such men in our midst, and that there have been many such men living in every generation since the beginning of our government, is a melancholy fact acknowledged by history.

As among the original twelve followers of the Saviour there was one who proved himself unfaithful and a traitor, so in all human communities there are some men so lost to all the nobler attributes of manhood—so lost to all sense of moral responsibility as citizens, that they consider their personal interests and preferment as paramount to all other considerations; and they are the more dangerous when loudest in their professions of patriotic devotion to the public interests of their country. Such men would kiss the Goddess of Liberty while turning her over to the enemies of freedom to be crucified.

And these thoughts bring us to a brief review of the circumstances which brought upon us as a nation the calamity of a fratricidal war; and forced upon us as citizens the character and duties of soldiers of the republic.

The political leaders of the cotton, rice and sugar States had for many years been inculcating into the minds of their people the revolutionary and dangerous doctrine that each State, in its individual capacity, had a power and sovereignty paramount to the General Government of the United States.

This political heresy of States Rights, which was first ably and openly taught by that artful and subtle traitor, Calhoun of South Carolina, led many of the leading statesmen of the Southern States into a belief that our General Government was slowly but surely encroaching on the rights of the people; and in inculcating this belief, we should have the charity to admit that they gave expression to honest conviction. Be that as it may, however, they did succeed by their eloquent sophistries, in making this impression on the minds of many of the more honest of the Southern people.

On the other hand, however, there were a great many bad men who, being influenced by personal interests, sought only to obtain a gratification of their unholy ambition, or to soothe, perhaps, their disappointments, by creating a faction from which they hoped to obtain a power and influence to rule or ruin, which they had failed by threats or cajoling to extort from the country. But through all this, the masses of the Southern people, with the exception, perhaps, of South Carolina, remained loyal, and continued to cherish a patriotic sentiment of attachment to the Union.

So long as Southern leaders used the political power of the General Government to their own purposes of personal and

sectional advantage, through the conciliatory weakness of Northern doughfaced politicians who feared them—they very shrewdly disguised their evil and selfish designs under a mask of traditional love and regard for that sacred instrument, the Constitution of the United States.

But, when the progressive North, looking over the vast fields of our common country—the immense territory occupied by slavery, and thinking of the dark deeds of wrong and violence perpetrated in its name—began to grow restless under its degrading subservience to slave-holders' domination, the same leaders became alarmed, and not without reason, lest they should lose the political mastery which had enabled them so long to govern the nation in the interests of a faction, whose darling idea was the building up and strengthening a social and political structure, the very corner stone of which was a degraded and degrading system of labor—human slavery—which has been the dark and disgraceful spot on the bright escutcheon of our nation's fame.

The continual agitation of these two questions—States rights and slavery—by their friends who desired their extension on the one hand, and by their enemies, the friends of universal freedom, who were as fully determined to curb them on the other, precipitated the rebellion—which we have now no reason to doubt, had been maturing since 1832, when its spirit was first noticed, and promptly crushed by the immortal old hero Jackson, whose patriotism lifted him far above sectional ties, and whose iron will struck terror into the hearts of the traitors of that day and generation.

The election of a President by the Republican party was made the *casus belli*.

It was not pretended by the political orators of the South, that the people there had any real cause to rebel. Not one of their historians in the South, or sympathizing apologists in the North, have ever yet charged the Federal Government with having robbed the Southern people of one of their Constitutional rights, up to the date of the firing on Sumter. This could not have been done in truth; but the political leaders whose ambitious dream was a slave empire, fired the Southern heart into rebellion, by solemn and reiterated assurances that a large majority of the people of the non-slaveholding States believed that human slavery was not only a national evil and

curse, but that it was a great sin against the laws of God; that while the Republican party admitted that under the Federal Constitution they had no power to abolish slavery where it then existed, they had incorporated in platforms as a part of their political creed, that not another State should ever be admitted with slavery into the Union; that under the operation of this principle in a very few years the territories of New Mexico, Washington, Utah, Nevada, Nebraska, Colorado, and Dacotah, would come into the Union as free States, and that other States could and would be divided up until three-fourths of the States were free; and that then the majority of the citizens of those States, believing slavery to be a sin against both God and the nation, if they were honest men, would be compelled by a sense of national justice to call a convention of all the States to so amend the Constitution, as to empower Congress with authority to abolish slavery.

They were told by their political leaders, by their foremost statesmen, by their ablest writers, and even by their religious ministers, that if they would save the institution so dear to them, and the vast amount of property depending on it, they must strike the blow at once, and sever all relations with the Federal Government before they were enslaved by its policy, which they declared aimed at their destruction—that delay in this matter would result in the total annihilation of all the sources of their prosperity, wealth and sectional happiness. They were told that the leading political dogma of the dominant party in the free States was that there was an irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor, which must continue until slavery was established everywhere or abolished everywhere in the United States. They were also falsely told that another dogma of the party which had succeeded in electing the President was, that the Constitution was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, and that they wanted no Union with slaveholders.

All these and a hundred other arguments equally false or exciting, were presented, until it became the deep-seated and settled conviction of the masses of the Southern people that their slave property was in danger and would soon and forever be lost; and to save it they rushed to arms already prepared for them by the wily instigators and chief traitors, that they might

establish a government of their own, independent of the United States.

But the great outrage on the feelings of the Southern people which was used with most effect to excite rebellion, was the fact that Abraham Lincoln had been elected according to the Constitution and all the forms of law by a large majority of the freemen of the nation, President of the United States ; and long before he took his office, before any step had been taken by him calculated to produce alarm, or to adumbrate that he intended to interfere in any manner with the legal and constitutional rights of the Southern people, and in the face of the resolution constituting a plank in the platform of the party that elected him, this rebellion was set on foot ; and before the day of his inauguration seven Southern States had passed ordinances of secession, and at Montgomery, had erected another Government within the sacred boundaries of our heaven-born Republic. On the 4th of March, 1861, the President, with all these sad facts before him, in his inaugural address used the following conciliatory language :

“ Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that, by the accession of a Republican Administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed, and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches, when I declare that ‘ I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists.’ I believe I have no lawful right to do so ; and I have no inclination to do so. And, more than this, they placed in the platform, for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read :

“ ‘ *Resolved*, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend : and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the

soil of any State or Territory, no matter on what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.'

"I now reiterate these sentiments; and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the incoming Administration.

"I add, too, that all the protection consistent with the Constitution and the laws, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another."

These words were addressed particularly to the Southern people, to the people of the seven States which had already raised the standard of rebellion, and by the acts of solemn conventions placed themselves outside the pale of the Federal Constitution. The people heard these noble assurances, but alas! they were uttered too late. The spirit of rebellion was rife in the land. The National Government, during the four years preceding, had been in the hands of a weak and vacillating old man, whose Cabinet was composed in part of the chief conspirators themselves, who had used their power to prepare the way for and encourage rebellion; while the people of the Northern States, shocked and amazed at the impending National disaster, could not believe in the reckless boldness and utter unscrupulousness of the wicked object these bad men had in view, and in consequence of this inertness of the people, or rather of their reluctance to believe in the intention of these men to destroy the Government, the rebellion met with a degree of success at the outset which caused thousands of patriotic hearts to throb with a fear that the General Government was not strong enough to crush those who were arming to overthrow it.

Never did one people enter into a bloody contest more unwillingly or reluctantly than did the free and loyal people of the Northern States with the slave-holding disunionists of the South. It was not until State after State had broken their solemnly plighted faith—had violated all the obligations of the Federal Constitution, in passing ordinances of secession—not until the Federal Treasury had been robbed—our armories and arsenals sacked of their arms and munitions,—our ships of war sent to distant seas—armies raised to make war upon the General Government; and a weak garrison of the national



troops, commanded by Major Anderson, had been bombarded and compelled to surrender—that the National Government took the first step toward maintaining the supremacy of the laws or protecting from insult, at the hands of traitors, the flag of our nation's glory. Never in the history of the world was so much forbearance shown by a strong government toward those in overt rebellion against it; but forbearance ceased at last and war came. War came, and by its bloody arbitration settled forever the great and agitating questions which had brought it about: and established on an eternal foundation the true theory of our republican government, that each State is in all things sovereign as to its internal affairs; but in its relation to the Federal Government it is *imperium in imperio*—"a government within a stronger government;"—and that slavery was forever abolished. The sword was drawn for self-defence. It was indeed a sad necessity, and the nation trembled with the excitement of its grand resolve—"the Union must and shall be preserved." The President called upon the loyal people, and in their strength they rallied to their country's defense and to crush treason; from fields and workshops, counting-rooms and offices they came in legions; not as hireling soldiers, but as citizen patriots determined to die if necessary on the battle-field, to preserve their inalienable rights fought for, won and bequeathed to them as a sacred inheritance by their fathers.

It was a response to this call of our noble and martyred President, actuated by a common patriotism, which first brought us together, my comrades; and from being strangers to each other—by the sympathy which springs from enduring together the common dangers and sufferings of the battle-field, and the hardships of the march and the prison; and by the great victories which have been achieved by the united effort of all, and in all of which, as citizens as well as soldiers, we have a common glory—a friendship has grown up which can only terminate with our lives.

If there is any one duty more pleasing to the soldier than another, it is the duty we owe to our brave and deserving comrades in arms, in seeing that their fame does not suffer by our reticence, nor the meed of praise justly merited by gallantry or ability is withheld from him to whom of right it does belong and given to those who have not even the shadow of a claim to it. Where a soldier has sought "the bubble reputation at

the cannon's mouth," it is pleasure to all generous hearts to award it. A public acknowledgment of a soldier's bravery or skill by his comrades is far more grateful to him than the most extravagant plaudits of an excited and grateful people, who worship the hero because he is a hero, without being able to understand or appreciate the military ability or courage or other circumstances which made him one.

"The life of fame is action understood;  
That action must be virtuous, great and good.  
Virtue itself by fame is oft protected,  
And dies despised, where the fame's neglected."

As one of the prime objects of our organization is not only to cherish and keep green the memory of the brave men of our Corps who died that their nation's free institutions might live; but also to do justice to the military ability and social worth of those of our comrades whose services have been acknowledged and rewarded by the nation; and to those who have not yet been acknowledged or rewarded, and whose names would otherwise sink into oblivion, I shall offer no excuse for introducing at this point a brief biographical sketch of a true and honored soldier, who, although still a young man, has won for himself a name of which the whole nation is proud—and chiefest among the honors which adds a shining luster to his laurels is, that he was the first commander—the father of the Twenty-Third Army Corps—Major General Geo. L. Hartsuff.

This gentleman was born in the town of Tyre, Seneca county, New York, May 28, 1830. In 1842 his parents moved to Michigan and settled on a farm.

When nearly eighteen years of age young Hartsuff became tired of the life of a farmer and ambitious to occupy a more prominent position in the world, he determined, if possible, to enter the Military Academy at West Point. Having no political or other influence to assist him, his only course was to make a personal application. Procuring an interview with Mr. Bingham, the member of Congress from his District, he stated his wish to him, and upon being asked why he wanted to go to West Point, young Hartsuff replied: "I wish to be a soldier."

In after years Mr. Bingham told him that this answer procured him the appointment; for of all the applicants he was the only one who seemed to feel that after receiving an education at the hands of the Government, he owed her his services

in return. Entering West Point in the spring of 1848, he graduated in 1852, and was assigned as Brevet Second Lieutenant to the Fourth Artillery, and ordered to Governor's Island, New York harbor, where he remained one month, and was sent with a company of recruits to join his company at Fort Brown, Texas, and for over a year was engaged in scouting and escort duty. In the fall of 1853, when the yellow fever ravaged the whole Gulf coast, Lieutenant Hartsuff was attacked with it, and had black vomit, the usual fatal symptom, but recovered. In 1854 he was promoted to the Second Artillery, and ordered to Fort Meade, Florida. It having been determined to make a military survey of the Big Cypress swamps and vicinity, with a view to drive out the Indians, Lieutenant Hartsuff was made Acting Topographical Engineer, and performed his duty, making maps of the country he passed over, which were the only ones used in the subsequent operations against the Indians. In the fall he was ordered to make another exploration of the country passed over, to ascertain the condition of affairs among the Indians. So perfectly confident were they all that the Indians themselves would not break the peace, that Lieut. Hartsuff was ordered to perform the duty with ten men and two wagons. They started on the 5th of December, 1855. On the morning of the fourteenth day out, December 20th, this little band was attacked at early dawn by a party of forty Indians, who, at the first fire, killed, wounded and scattered the force, so that Lieutenant Hartsuff saw but two men on their feet during the fight that ensued, and they both wounded. Taking position with these behind the wagons, he maintained the fight until himself severely wounded four times and unable longer to use a gun, he then fortunately escaped by hiding in a grassy pond among the pond lilies for more than two hours, when the savages gave up the search and departed. Crawling from the pond he attempted to travel, but soon fell exhausted, and from Thursday morning until Saturday night lay upon his back near the scene of the fight without tasting food or water, and was fifty-five miles from any white man's habitation. By almost superhuman exertion he finally succeeded in making his way fifteen miles toward the fort, but at last completely worn out, exhausted and almost famished, he had fallen and was unable again to rise. He tore a leaf from his note-book, wrote his name upon it, how and where he was wounded, and, pinning

this on his breast, gave himself up to die. In this condition he was found by two companies of troops which had been sent out to search for him, and they carried him back to Fort Myers.

Recovering rapidly from his wounds, he was placed in command of the only mounted regulars sent out against the Indians, and took an active part in the campaign. This over, he was placed in command of a detachment of wounded soldiers sent North to recruit their health—ordered to Fort Wood, New York Harbor, and remained there in command a month, when he was placed on duty at West Point, as Assistant Professor of Artillery and Infantry Tactics. In June, 1859, Lieutenant Hartsuff, upon his own application, was relieved from this duty, and joined his company at Fort Mackinac, Michigan; and while on duty there and traveling under orders to purchase subsistence stores for the command, he was on board the ill-fated steamer *Lady Elgin*, which was wrecked on Lake Michigan, between Chicago and Milwaukee—more than four-fifths of all on board being lost—he remained in the water ten hours, and finally drifted ashore. In March, 1861, Lieutenant Hartsuff was promoted to be Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, and went to Fort Pickens, Florida, with a secret expedition commanded by Colonel Harvey Brown. Remaining there three months, he was ordered North and assigned to duty with General Rosecrans, as his Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff. During the campaign in West Virginia, Captain Hartsuff participated in the engagements of Carnifex Ferry, Gauley Mountain, Cotton Hill, etc., at all times distinguishing himself by his cool daring and bravery, and was on several occasions recommended for promotion by the commanding General.

In 1862 he was promoted to Brigadier-General of volunteers, and assigned to duty as Assistant Adjutant-General in the office of the Secretary of War.

Applying for field duty, he was ordered, in May, to relieve General Abercrombie, commanding at Warrenton Junction, Virginia. Immediately after assuming command he sent an expedition of mounted troops to Culpepper Court House, which were the first Union troops to enter the place. Soon after, with his command he joined the army under General McDowell, at Fredericksburg, and remained in the army during the campaign

under Generals McDowell and Pope, participating in nearly all the battles of the summer of 1862. At the time of the retreat of the Army of Virginia, under General Pope, from the Rapidan—upon reaching the Rappahannock bridge, he was ordered to cover the approach to the bridge and hold the enemy in check, which he did for three days—his troops being the only ones that remained on that side of the river. At South Mountain and Antietam they fought gallantly, and at the latter place the General was very severely, and for a long time it was feared, mortally wounded. For his gallant services he was promoted to Major-General of volunteers.

In December, 1862, having partially recovered from the effect of his wound, he was placed on a Board convened at Washington for revising the Rules and Articles of War and Army Regulations, and to prepare a code for the government of armies in the field. In April, 1863, having applied for field service, he was ordered to report to General Burnside for duty in the Department of the Ohio, to organize and command the Twenty-Third Army Corps. Of his services in this connection I shall speak in its proper place. In March, 1865, he was assigned by General Grant to the command of the Bermuda front, participating in the last brilliant campaign which resulted in the complete overthrow of the army of General Lee. For his eminent military services, he has been brevetted Major-General in the regular army, and is now Lieutenant-Colonel in the Adjutant-General's Department, serving on the staff of General Phil. Sheridan at New Orleans. This gallant officer has won for himself a proud position among the heroes of the country. Starting out in life an almost friendless lad, he has by his indomitable courage and brilliant talents achieved, while still young, an enviable greatness among the great men of our nation.

"The fame that a man wins himself is best;  
That he may call his own; honors put on him  
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,  
Which are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth  
The heat comes from the body not the weeds;  
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds."

His history is one of gallant deeds and duty earnestly and faithfully performed. Wounded five times in battle he now carries two of the bullets in his body as mementoes of the

bloody fields on which he has served with distinguished ability. Brave, chivalrous and generous; in public life few equal, none excel him.

\* \* \* \* \*

In April, 1863, General Burnside was called to Washington, when in consultation with the President, Secretary of War and General Hartsuff, it was agreed that all the troops then in Kentucky unattached should be formed into a new army corps. This was carried into effect under the following order:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Washington, April 27, 1863.

*General Orders, No. 103.*

The President directs that the troops in Kentucky not belonging to the Ninth Army Corps, be organized into the Twenty-Third Army Corps, to be commanded by Major-General G. L. Hartsuff.

By order of the Secretary of War.

(Signed,)

E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

In pursuance of this order Major-General Hartsuff established his head-quarters at Lexington, Kentucky, in the month of May, appointed his staff, and commenced the work of organizing the Twenty-Third Army Corps.\* At this time there were in the State of Kentucky more than seventy-five unattached military organizations, consisting of full regiments and batteries, and de-

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\* The Staff of Major-General Hartsuff, while in command of the Twenty-Third Army Corps, was composed of the following officers:

Lt. Col. Geo. B. Drake, A. A. G. Vols.; Ass't Adj't Gen. Afterw'd Bvt. Brig. Gen.

Lt. Col. Wm. Hartsuff, Ass't Insp. Gen'l. Afterward Bvt. Brig. Gen'l.

Lt. Col. C. N. Goulding, A. Q. M. Vols.; Chief Qr. Master.

Lt. Col. J. M. Ellis, A. C. S. Vols.; Chief C. S.

Major E. O. Brown, Add'l A. D. C.; Senior A. D. C.

Capt. J. M. Howard, A. D. C.

Capt. S. A. Russell, A. D. C.

Surg. R. M. S. Jackson, U. S. Vols.; Medical Director.

Capt. O. M. Poe, U. S. Eng'rs; Chief Engineer. Afterward Bvt. Brig. Gen'l and Chief Eng'r for Sherman's Army.

Capt. S. A. Lyon, 4th Ky. Cav.; Ass't Eng'r.

Capt. D. W. H. Day, 111th Ohio Vols.; Ordnance Officer.

Col. J. Walker, 10th Ky. Cav.; Chief of Cav. before the Corps went to East Tennessee.

Col. A. V. Kautz, 2d Ohio Cav.; Chief of Cav. Afterward Brig. Gen'l and Bvt. Maj. Gen'l Vols.

Capt. A. J. Kinkle, 1st Ohio Artillery; Chief of Artillery.

Capt. J. H. Piatt, Additional A. D. C.; Chief Commissary of Musters.

Lt. Col. Henry Pleasants, 48th Pa. Vols.: Provost-marshal General.

tachments of infantry and cavalry, besides some detached sections of batteries of artillery. To gather these military fragments together into brigades and divisions; to bring order out of this undisciplined chaos was a heavy task, but the energy and experienced ability of General Hartsuff was equal to it, and on the 30th of June a provisional organization was effected \*

\*REGIMENTS AND BATTERIES IN TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS, JUNE 30, 1863.

*1st Brigade, 1st Division.*

1st Ky. Cav.  
1st East Tenn. Inf. M't'd.  
2d " "  
103d Ohio Infantry.  
112th Ills. " M't'd.  
82d Ky. "  
12th R. I. "  
1st Battery East Tenn. Vols.

*2d Brigade, 1st Division.*

44th Ohio Inf. M't'd.  
45th " " "  
100th " "  
104th " "  
24th Ky. "  
1st Battalion 9th Ohio Cav.  
Wilder's Battery, Ills. Vols.  
Battery D, 1st Ohio Light Artillery.

*3d Brigade, 1st Division.*

2d Ohio Cav.  
7th " "  
9th Mich. "  
Mountain Howitzer Battery.

*Unassigned 1st Division.*

48th Pa. Inf.  
21st Mass. "  
2d M'd "  
Battery D, 1st R. I. Artillery.

*1st Brigade, 2d Division.*

12th Ky. Inf.  
Batt'n 8th Ky. Cav.  
" 3d " "  
22d Ind. Battery.  
2d Batt'n 3d Ky. Cav.  
Indp't Co. Ky. Scouts.  
65th Ind. Inf. M't'd.  
91st " "  
15th Ky. Cav.

*Detached Forces. 2d Division.*

26th Ky. Inf.  
34th " "  
Co. D, 8th Ky. Cav.  
Sections 6th Mich. Battery.  
27th Ky. Inf.  
33d " "  
20th " "  
Batt'n E. Tenn. Scouts.  
50th Ohio Inf.  
63d Ind. Inf.  
25th Mich. Vols.  
Co. G, 34th Ky. Inf. M't'd.

*1st Brigade, 3d Division.*

107th Ills. Inf.  
23d Mich. "  
111th Ohio "  
5th Ind. Cav.  
14th Ills. "  
Henshaw's Battery, Ills. Vols.  
Elgin's " " "

*2d Brigade, 3d Division.*

80th Ind. Inf.  
13th Ky. Inf.  
16th Ky. Inf.  
9th " Cav.  
11th " "  
12th " "  
24th Ind. Battery.

*3d Brigade, 3d Division.*

3d East Tenn. Inf.  
5th " " "  
6th " " "  
11th Ky. Inf. M't'd.

*1st Brigade, 4th Division.*

Det. 14th Ky. Inf.  
" 65th Ills. "  
2d Batt'n 10th Ky. Cav.

After having effected this organization, the first duty of the commanding General was to make a careful inspection of it, after which the organization was completed by the establishment of three divisions of infantry and one of cavalry and mounted infantry.

The Ninth Army Corps was at this time in Kentucky, and the two corps under command of General Burnside were on the eve of a movement into East Tennessee, when the Ninth Army Corps was ordered to Vicksburg, and to the Twenty-Third Army Corps alone was left the defense of Kentucky.

The bold guerrilla, John Morgan, was not long in seizing so glorious an opportunity, and he then commenced his last grand raid; but the Twenty-Third Army Corps was ready for service, thanks to the untiring energy and skill of its commander.

Several of the best infantry regiments in the corps were set in motion to intercept the rebels, and the mounted force of the corps was speedily in the saddle and on the chase.

I need not repeat how well they "rode on," nor how gallantly, under the brave Shackleford, they at last rode the bold raider down; how heroic was the defense of Lebanon by Colonel Hanson and the Twentieth Kentucky; and how, beyond all praise, was the bravest of all brave deeds done in those days, when on the morning of the fourth day of July, Colonel Orlando H. Moore, with about three hundred men of the Twenty-Fifth Michigan, stood steady and stern against the desperate charges of Morgan's whole force of nearly five thousand men, at Tebb's bend of the Green river, until the rebels lost in killed nearly one-third as many men as were engaged under Moore giving up the bloody contest as utterly hopeless against the gallant Colonel, who, in reply to a demand for surrender from

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1st Squadron Ohio Cav.	8th East Tenn. Inf.
3 Secs. Co. M, 2d Ills. Lt. Artillery.	8th Mich. Cav.
39th Ky. Inf. M't'd.	10th Ky. "
Det. 65th Ills. Inf.	14th Ky. "
	5th East Tenn. Cav.
2d Brigade, 4th Division.	19th Ohio Battery.
118th Ohio Inf.	15th Ind. "

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This organization was only temporary, for the purpose of simplifying the returns. As the troops were scattered all over the State of Kentucky, no other could at first be effected. Troops serving nearest each other for the time, were brigaded, thus bringing together a variety of arms in the same brigade.



Morgan, said: "Tell General Morgan that such a demand can not be considered for a moment on the Fourth day of July." All this is well known. Let it be regarded as the opening chapter of the history of the Twenty-Third Corps.

Again, when the rebel Scott crossed the border to learn something of the long-lost Morgan, did a handful of men under the lamented Saunders, meet and send Scott home in confusion and dismay, with the information that the gay and festive John was in jail. After three weeks of hard riding, the mounted force of the corps had hardly returned when General Burnside gave the order for the advance into East Tennessee. With remarkable rapidity of movement the corps was concentrated at Glasgow, Lebanon and Camp Nelson, and the march commenced. One division of infantry, under General Boyle, was left in Kentucky.\* The cavalry division, under

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\*The following Regiments and Batteries belonged to the Twenty-Third Army Corps on the 1st day of September, 1863, and were ordered into East Tennessee, but does not include the First Division, which consisted of sixteen regiments left in Kentucky under command of General Jerry Boyle.

*Head-Quarter's Escort,*

McLaughlin's Squadron Ohio Cavalry.

*1st Brigade, 2d Division.*

25th Mich. Vol. Inf.,	16th Ky. Vol. Inf.
118th Ohio Vol. Inf.	Elgin's Illinois Battery.
80th Ind. Vol. Inf.	

*2d Brigade, 2d Division.*

28d Mich. Vol. Inf.	18th Ky. Vol. Inf.
111th Ohio Vol. Inf.	Henshaw's Illinois Battery.
107th Illinois Vol. Inf.	

*1st Brigade, 3d Division.*

44th Ohio Vol. Inf.	12th Ky. Vol. Inf.
100th Ohio Vol. Inf.	Battery "D" 1st Reg. Ohio Light Art.
104th Ohio Vol. Inf.	

*2d Brigade, 3d Division.*

65th Illinois Vol. Inf.	8th Tenn. Vol. Inf.
24th Ky. Vol. Inf.	Wilder's Indiana Battery.
108 Ohio Vol. Inf.	

*1st Brigade, 4th Division.*

1st Tenn. Mounted Inf.	8th Mich. Cavalry.
45th Ohio Vol. Mounted Inf.	15th Indiana Battery.
112th Illinois Mounted Inf.	

General Carter, with General Burnside and staff, were in the advance; General White's division of infantry moved from Lebanon; and General Haskell's division moved from Camp Nelson—thus in three columns the corps advanced. The plans of Generals Burnside and Hartsuff were admirably and skillfully conceived and splendidly executed.

The ordinary routes by the Cumberland and Big Creek Gaps were avoided, only a small force of an independent brigade advancing toward Cumberland Gap to deceive the enemy. Over rough roads, through rivers and streams, over mountains and hills, where often the wagons and artillery were dragged by the men—at the rate of twenty miles a day, the troops marched with remarkable steadiness, and with willing and cheerful spirits, such as have never been surpassed. At Montgomery, Tennessee, the divisions of the corps formed a junction. The great mountain barrier had been passed. The rebel General Buckner was completely deceived. Surprised and confused, he rapidly retreated, leaving in his ignoble haste two thousand men at Cumberland Gap. On the 1st of September, Colonel Foster, with the advance of the cavalry division, entered Knoxville, amid the enthusiastic demonstrations of the citizens, and "East Tennessee was occupied." This, it is true, was a bloodless victory, but it was fraught with glory, nevertheless, as it disenthralled a loyal people who, for two and a half years, had

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*2d Brigade, 4th Division.*

65th Ind. Vol. Mounted Inf.	14th Illinois Cavalry.
5th Tenn. Cavalry.	1st Battalion 9th Ohio Cavalry.
5th Ind. Cavalry.	Battery "M" 1st Illinois Artillery.

*8d Brigade, 4th Division.*

2d Tenn. Mounted Inf.	9th Mich. Cavalry.
2d Ohio Cavalry.	11th Mich. Battery.
7th Ohio Cavalry.	1st Tenn. Battery.

*Independent Cavalry Brigade.*

1st Ky. Cavalry.	12th Ky. Cavalry.
11th Ky. Cavalry.	Mountain Howitzer Battery.

*Reserve Artillery.*

19th Ohio Battery.	24th Indiana Battery.
Battery "M," 2d Illinois Artillery. Battery "D" 1st R. I. Artillery.	

*Engineer Battalion.*

Consisting of details from different regiments of the corps, under command of Chief Engineer of the corps.

suffered all the horrors of a relentless persecution at the hands of a bloody oligarchy. This victory belongs solely to the Twenty-Third Corps, as does also the subsequent capture of the rebel force at Cumberland Gap, where the cavalry under General Shackleford, and a brigade of infantry under Colonel Gilbert of the Forty-Fourth Ohio, compelled the surrender on the demand of General Burnside.

The Ninth Army Corps reached Knoxville during the latter part of September, and fought side by side with the Twenty-Third Corps in the gallant defense of the city. In this siege I claim no special praise for the Twenty-Third Corps. Each command vied with the other in deeds of noble daring and duty. Equal honor belongs to both corps—to the brigade commanded by Colonel Chapin, of General White's division, that covered the retreat from Loudon to Knoxville, fighting the battles of Huff's Ferry and Campbell's Station, and for hours held Longstreet in check, holding the hill where that noblest of gentlemen and bravest of soldiers, the glorious General Saunders fell—General Burnside himself has given his especial praise—while to General Ferero and Captain Benjamin, of the Regular Artillery of the Ninth Corps, belongs immortal honor for their defense of Fort Saunders, for then and there the city was saved, and East Tennessee was in truth redeemed.

I shall not dwell on the painful recollections of the close of the campaign in that impoverished country—not recollections of bloody battle scenes—for except the skirmishes at Mossy Creek, Bean Station and Dandridge, the rebels were too much demoralized to make a stand, but long days of hard marches and famishing hunger, and long nights of ceaseless vigilance when the bitter cold winds and biting frosts of a severe winter, made it almost impossible for our half-naked, barefooted men to sleep—a campaign which in these particular hardships is unparalleled in the history of war. While we remember with pain the sufferings and privations of our brave soldiers during that memorable winter, our hearts swell with pleasure and pride when we recall the fact, that all this was endured without a murmur of discontent, and with a heroic devotion which equalled the conduct of the fathers at Valley Forge.

Longstreet baffled, and his army spirit-broken and demoralized, was driven into Virginia; and after more than six months of continuous marching, fighting and skirmishing, during

most of this period subsisting on less than half rations, the Twenty-Third Army Corps rested. Here I must stop, for I fear I have already trespassed too much on your patient indulgence. To my successors I will leave the pleasant task of sketching the more brilliant achievements of the Corps in the campaigns of 1864-5, while it was ably commanded by such distinguished Generals as Schofield and Cox, for both of whom it won a renown which has made their names imperishable in the annals of the Republic, in connection with the history of the Great Rebellion.

And now that the old flag has been securely planted throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the authority of the Federal Government is recognized as supreme in every State of the Union, we, my comrades, have great reason for mutual congratulations that we have been spared to see this glorious day, while so many thousands of our fellow soldiers—true patriots and brave men—have been sacrificed in the contest.

“He who maintains his country's laws  
Alone is great, or he who dies in the good cause.”

And now that the great experiment as to the ability of the American people to govern themselves and to crush internal treason has been thoroughly tested by the dread ordeal of war, from which we have come purified a wiser, a better and a more powerful people; now that the angel of peace has stretched her bright wings over our whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over our former foes as well as ourselves, it becomes our solemn duty now that we have returned to the peaceful pursuits of civil life, to bend our strengthened energies to the task of developing the immense resources of our country in agriculture, commerce, manufactures, art, science and literature, until our great Nation, with renewed power, shall take her position in the front rank, and shall lead triumphant by arts of peace, the van of civilization, christianity and human liberty.

“God of peace!—whose spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmurs of our rills,  
Now the storm is o'er:  
O, let freemen be our sons,  
And let future Washingtons  
Rise to lead their valiant ones,  
‘Till there's war no more!”

## HISTORICAL WAR POEM.

BY GENERAL ISAAC R. SHERWOOD.

COMRADES! we meet again;—a little band  
 Who many times ago have met around  
 The crackling camp-fires of a hostile land;  
 There, grouped in little circles on the ground,  
 With but the drapery of Heaven above,  
 Irradiant with the star-light gleaming o'er,  
 We talked of that bright future when the dove  
 Of Peace would bring the olive branch once more.

Comrades! we meet again; not as before  
 To take deep counsel for a darker day;  
 To linger till the tattoo's summoning is o'er,  
 Then say, "Good night!" "God bless you!" and away,  
 Past sleeping lines and solemn midnight scenes,  
 Groping through brake and wood, round river bends  
 And in the shadows of the deep ravines,  
 Singing to warn the pickets we are friends.

Comrades! we meet again; meet in good cheer!  
 Not thus we gathered many a by-gone night,  
 Ere the first May-moons of the dying year,  
 To canvass chances in the coming fight,  
 And to forget in music, mirth and song,  
 The dreary bivouac and cheerless day,  
 When, mud-bound, weary, crackerless, along  
 We corduroyed and skirmished all the way.

Yet we were jolly then! yes, even gay,  
 In spite of empty belts or Rebs in front,  
 And scarcely knowing we should live a day,  
 As our doomed honor was the battle's brunt:  
 We drank to home and friends and all that's true,  
 And shed a tear for some brave fellow gone,  
 And cheered our starry banner wet with dew,  
 Proud it yet waved triumphant and alone.

Comrades! we meet again; but not to-night  
 Begirded with the panoply of war,  
 And armor gleaming in the misty light,  
 While comes the clash of battle from afar—

But freemen still of a united land;  
 One with the mighty host o'er land and main  
 Which rescued Freedom from a servile band,  
 And placed her proudly on her throne again.

## A RETROSPECT.

Comrades! 'twas first on yonder camping-ground  
 We proudly met; long years it seems, so much  
 Of pain and suffering and woe are found  
 Compressed in that brief space; scenes that would touch  
 The dullest feelings of the human heart,  
 And wake a pang of woe and wring a sigh  
 From e'en the coldest of our race, and start  
 A tear of sympathy in every eye.

Our ranks were filled to overflowing then;  
 No idle sword or gun to tell the tale  
 Of how brave Captain L—— was shot, or when  
 The guard on picket met his death; the pale  
 Death-angel only brooded then; his wings  
 Had not yet borne him to our tenting-ground,  
 And hope—sweet songs the syren ever sings—  
 Made dreams of peace in every soul abound.

Those dreams of peace, who has not felt their spell,  
 Like some lethargic power his spirit fill,  
 Till every sense expanded to its swell,  
 And every chord vibrated to its thrill;  
 And his whole being seemed imbued with bliss,  
 While rose bright-tinted visions of a time  
 Too much of Heaven for a world like this,  
 Where bitter dregs are sold for purest wine.

Oft such bright thoughts like guardian spirits came,  
 And nestled close within each soldier-heart,  
 Putting despondent looks and tones to shame,  
 Forming of victory a priceless part.  
 O how we cherished them, as precious things,  
 Celestial flowers from a purer sphere,  
 With which the highest aims of manhood springs,  
 Armed with a strength to vanquish every fear.

And thus with steady gaze upturned to Him  
 Who all heroic acts for aye inspires,  
 Who stays the adverse winds of woe that dim  
 The soul and chill its purest, best desires;  
 And knowing that the ones we left at home,  
 Wife, mother, sister, all the heart holds dear,  
 Gave us their prayers where'er our feet might roam,  
 Our hearts were nerved to vanquish every fear.

Here, on the very borders of the State,  
 Were camped the haughty legions of the South;  
 Then, what were hopes and dreams to him whose fate  
 Was, "He shall die before the cannon's mouth?"  
 But, ah! there was no shrinking then, our task  
 Was swiftly done: few coward hearts to quail,  
 Few hands their trusty weapons failed to grasp,  
 And few the cheeks before the foe to quail.

And thus began our life of ceaseless toil,  
 Of marches long and wearisome by day,  
 Of lone night-watches when the fierce turmoil  
 And noise along the lines had died away;  
 When footsore and exhausted we unstrapped  
 Our sabres, and when picket-work was done,  
 Around our aching forms our blankets wrapped,  
 And slept, to dream of happier days ago.

And oft when morning, o'er the distant hills,  
 Sent her first golden beams athwart the sky,  
 The sharp alarm resounded long and shrill,  
 And on from rank to rank, rang out the cry  
 "Fall in!" "Fall in!" While on the field were seen  
 The quick battalions hastening to form,  
 And brave commanders, with heroic mien,  
 Despatching orders for the coming storm.

Could nature on the Summer's glowing sky,  
 With magic pencil paint those pictures vast,  
 Employing every bright and radiant dye,  
 To blend in rarest beauty, or contrast;  
 And with artistic hand unveil the prize,  
 To sail in panoramic order on,  
 The scenes would seem less perfect to our eyes,  
 Than those which only memory dwells upon.

Not merely lifeless views are in the mind,  
 But memories of words repeated then;  
 The very sounds reverberating find,  
 A kindred echo answering again;  
 The steady breathing of the forward line,  
 The low, sad moans of suffering in the rear,  
 The whispered prayer, the accents fine  
 Of one, with Christ's own words, "Be of good cheer."

The English minnies zipping over head,  
 The rattling batteries hastening to the front,  
 The firm, determined, even kingly tread,  
 Of the light infantry who bore the brunt;

And swelling high o'er all the deafening roar,  
 Deep, hoarse and fearful from excess of wrath,  
 Of rebel cannon, as they strove to pour  
 Their hot, infernal missiles in our path.

We may not drive these memories away,  
 The scenes will oft arise in future days,  
 E'en though the best of life we fain would pay,  
 That time the troubled pictures might erase:  
 Which way we turn they are presented still,  
 And monuments arise, where'er we go,  
 To mark the graves that fallen heroes fill,  
 Or, fields where loyal legions met the foe.

#### OVER THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

Come let us take a retrospective view!  
 Tread lightly for the place is sacred ground!  
 The braves assembled here were staunch and true,  
 God knows too many sleep the sleep profound!  
 Move slowly, slowly see that serried line  
 Depicted on the far horizon now!  
 I can the rugged Cumberland define,  
 With princely cedars capping every brow.

The hills of Tennessee are high and proud,  
 Their summits tower grandly to the sky;  
 The milk-white vapors from the plains enshroud,  
 Their kingly crests from each offending eye;  
 The golden sheen of morning lingers long,  
 To ward the shadows from their rocky sides,  
 And birds of rarest plumage chant their song,  
 In fissures which the mountain stream divides.

Great rivers flash and sparkle far below,  
 And roll their waves majestically on,  
 Their marshy margins, dense with wild weeds, show  
 That human progress barely has its dawn.  
 Before that mighty chain of granite, round  
 Which channels deep and troubled madly race,  
 The Burnside legions halted, southern bound,  
 And gazed in solemn silence on its face.

Then, came a hurried order to advance,  
 "Go! stem the tide! Ascend the broken heights!"  
 E'en at this distant time 'tis pain to glance,  
 On those fatiguing days and tedious nights:  
 Huge cannon dragged by bleeding human hands,  
 To points where beasts of burden dare not climb;  
 Men, sick and weary, struggling with the sands  
 That guard the summit of those heights sublime.



But, courage fired the spirit of us then,  
 And zeal like that before which empires fell;  
 And Homer could he write his odes again,  
 Would have a more heroic tale to tell.  
 'Twas in this spirit Longstreet's troops were hurled,  
 From old Fort Saunders where they charged our lines,  
 Though men half famished held the flag unfurled,  
 And faced the dangers of those trying times.

#### THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

At last the long, sad wintry days were o'er.  
 And Tennessee, that grand old State was saved,  
 And we were marching when we heard the roar,  
 Of cannon where the flags of Sherman waved.  
 And when the armies of the West combined,  
 And cheers of joy and triumph filled the place,  
 The corps in battle order were aligned,  
 And charged the rebel works on "Rocky Face."

But ah! our victories were dearly bought,  
 With sighs and groans and agony they came,  
 And noble lives went out who bravely fought,  
 And won an immortality of fame!  
 Among the horrors of that living hell,  
 Which raged between Resaca's rugged mounts,  
 As noble martyrs for our country fell,  
 As e'er the pen of history recounts.

At "Dallas" too, heroic hearts were hushed!  
 And where the dwarf-trees of "Burnt Hickory" grow!  
 And on "Pine Mountain" where our legions rushed,  
 In wild, exultant fury on the foe!  
 Think you such fields are desolate for those  
 Who fell in battle for the right, to lie?  
 Sweet Freedom grants the victors calm repose,  
 To all who in her holy service die.

Old "Kenesaw," we see turn heavenward now,  
 Her glory half departed since the time.  
 When rebel cannon, on her serried brow,  
 Flashed through the night-watch terribly sublime!  
 Three thousand brave men fell there in an hour,  
 When Sherman sent us on that wild, mad charge,  
 For 'twas beyond the scope of human power,  
 To climb the *abatis* or cross the gorge!

There gallant Harker led the van and fell,  
 A brave, true soldier with unbending will;  
 And 'ere our grief for him had ceased to swell,  
 "Atlanta" robbed us of a greater still;—

The proud McPherson, he who never led  
 A column but to certain victory,  
 Fell, pierced by rebel bullets, pale and dead  
 While only gleams of triumph he could see.

But was it not a grand, triumphant day,  
 When proud Atlanta echoed to our feet,  
 And Union soldiers in their blue array,  
 Went dashing gaily through each sullen street !  
 'Twas there intrepid Sherman left his base,  
 And marched his corps directly to the sea,  
 Leaving the Fourth and Twenty-Third to chase,  
 Hood's sanguine army to its destiny.

#### THE TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS.

And it was well that staunch old Thomas held,  
 The first command o'er that impetuous band ;—  
 A hand less steady, and defeat had knelled  
 Its fearful story to our bleeding land !  
 So masterly was managed his retreat,  
 That when at Franklin Hood attacked our right,  
 He thought to make his victory complete,  
 And send us northward in ignoble flight !

#### THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

\* "Boys !" said the rebel General, pale  
 With smothered rage, as the iron hail  
 From our rifled batteries swept the vale,  
 Where the rebel legions halted ;—  
 "Boys ! should you sever those lines to-day"—  
 He pointed to where our army lay—  
 "They will fall before you, as easy prey  
 As ever a force assaulted !"

† "Nay, further, the solemn oath record—  
 I pledge it now on a soldier's word—  
 Your tents shall whiten the grassy sward  
 That lines the Ohio river ;  
 And my horse shall test its waters well,  
 When we have reached their surging swell,  
 Or, failing all, at the gates of hell,  
 My army will I deliver !

Horsemen and footmen then charged us in force,  
 Yelling like fiends 'till their voices were hoarse,  
 Cleaving the smoke in impetuous course,  
 Striving our lines to crumble !

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\* Just before the battle of Franklin, Hood pointed to the slight works thrown up by the Union Army, and said, "Behold the key of Nashville ! Break those lines and all is ours."

† Hood said before the battle that his horse should drink from the Ohio river, and his army encamp on its banks, or in hell.

Leaping the ditches like men half-crazed!  
 Planting their flag where our bright banner blazed;  
 Only to fall with the rag half-raised,  
     Down with a death-like rumble!

Line after line, thus came surging along,  
 Chosen battalions steady and strong,  
 Up to the mouth of the cannon, among  
     Their comrades bleeding and dying!  
 Massed where our breastworks were fearfully frail!  
 Massed where our lines were expected to fail!  
 Massed where the bravest were ready to pale!  
     Massed where our heroes were lying!

Strength superhuman pervaded us then!  
 Courage unknown in the prowess of men!  
 Gained they an inch 'twas to lose it again  
     In the wild rush of the fight!  
 Back from our works they had struggled to gain!  
 Back from our lines they would sever in twain!  
 Back from our heroes so cruelly slain!  
     Leaving their dead in their flight!

Red with the moonlight was steeple and spire!  
 Redder our lines from the buildings on fire!  
 Wildly the flames gathered, higher and higher,  
     Our strength to the foe betraying!  
 Sharper and fiercer the strife raged around!  
 Thicker and faster the dead strewed the ground!  
 Longer and sadder re-echoed the sound,  
     Of wounded, for succor praying!

Held we our lines 'till the moon mounted high,  
 And the black smoke of battle enshrouded the sky,  
 Then leaving our dying, forsaken to die,  
     We silently crossed the river.  
 But oh! shall we cease to remember the sight,  
 That greeted our eyes on that horrible night,  
 When viewing the brave boys who fell in the fight?  
     While memory serves us—never!

Nine thousand men, when the warfare was o'er,  
 Lay on the battle-field crimsoned with gore;  
 Union and rebel at peace evermore,  
     Or in their agony lying!  
 Hood's fiery army was melting away,  
 Full seven thousand had fallen that day,  
 Followed and followers lining the way,  
     Mangled, and bleeding and dying!

## MARCH TO NASHVILLE.

And, then, with weary hearts and hands, with short and stifled breath,  
 With muffled drums and painful tread we left the scene of death;  
 And when the morning light gleamed o'er the dull and leaden sky,  
 Our longing eyes the looming spires of Nashville could descry;  
 And when the lumbering wagon-trains its battlements had passed,  
 And the straggling lines of infantry within the works were massed,  
 We knew we were impregnable, that high and massive chain  
 Of bastioned forts all rebeldom could never hope to gain.

The foeman made his trenches deep, and filled them with the slain,  
 The foeman marshaled up his ranks upon the war-swept plain,  
 And 'ere the sun had thrice gone down behind the western sky,  
 His tents were pitched before our lines of breastworks strong and high.  
 Ten thousand hearts in Nashville beat with terror and dismay,  
 Ten thousand wailing voices tried in agony to pray;  
 But at the front where brave men stood arose no hopeless word,  
 But prophecies of victory and coming peace were heard.

## THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

Ah! bleak were the days that our gallant boys stood,  
 In the storm and the trenches to skirmish with Hood!  
 Ah! bleaker the hours of the shadowy night,  
 When Thomas paraded his troops on the right,  
 Protecting his left with a skirmish line slight,  
 And the colored battalions to feign a fight!

In affright the city of Nashville awoke,  
 As tempests of raging artillery broke,  
 In horrible din, on the morning air,  
 With thunderous roar and Tartarean glare!  
 Houses and hill tops with people were dense,  
 Watching the batteries hastening thence;  
 Hearts for the Federals steady and true!  
 Hearts for the rebels that hated the blue!

## THE LAST CHARGE.

The veteran battalions swiftly combine,  
 And mass for the charge as they sweep into line!  
 And the trooper springs to his fiery steed,  
 And dashes to place with a reckless speed!  
 As swift as the wind they fill the ranks,  
 Pressing the spur to their horses' flanks!  
 And musket-locks snap with an ominous click,  
 And hearts of the bearers throb anxious and quick;  
 And sabers and bayonets shimmer in air,  
 And the brave old flag floats defiantly fair:  
 "Attention!" and "Charge!" and the bugle sounds shrill,  
 From the right to the left 'tis echoing still;

With a cheer and a shout, but steady and true,  
 They fly to the battle, our brave boys in blue,  
 While our cannon pour, with a deafening roar,  
 Their death-dealing missiles of vengeance o'er!

Then rebel guns open their thunders again;  
 The iron hail crushes great gaps through the men,  
 And on through the lines go the shrieking shell,  
 And blistering fire from the yawning hell;  
 And the rolling battle-smoke, blacker than night,  
 Is hiding our staggering lines from sight.  
 Right onward they go through the seething fire!  
 Right up to the guns with their hellish ire!  
 There were fearful gaps as each cannon spoke,  
 But our starry flag was above the smoke!  
 The volleys of musketry die on the ear,  
 The cannon are mute, and the wind wafts a cheer,  
 As it drives the battle-clouds high in the air,  
 Revealing their works and our flag floating there!  
 The gray-backs are beating a hasty retreat,  
 Like mythical gods, they have wings to their feet.  
 Hurrah for the boys that are steady and true!  
 "Victoria Arrectus" still follows the blue!

#### AFTER THE BATTLE.

There was woe within Secessia that bleak December morn,  
 When Hood's defeated army lay scattered, scarred and torn;  
 There were dirges on the wild winds that howled adown the glen,  
 There was wailing 'round the hearth-stones that mourned the fallen men;  
     And through all the bitter weeping,  
     And fasts their souls were keeping,  
 They curses on the Federals continually were heaping.

There was joy within Secessia that keen December morn,  
 When Hood's defeated army lay bleeding, scarred and torn;  
 There was hope to cheer the brave boys who starved in prison-pens,  
 And freedom for the cabins down beside the marshy fens;  
     And praises were upspringing,  
     In the songs that they were singing,  
 To God and to the Federals for blessings they were bringing.

There was mirth around our camp-ground that glad December morn,  
 When Hood's retreating army was beaten, crushed and torn;  
 And toasts went 'round in bivouac more blithely than before,  
 For home, for truth, for liberty and country evermore;  
     For our eyes had seen the sadness  
     Of our country turned to gladness,  
 And our arms had proved the councils of the traitors only madness.

We had swept the rebel armies from the valleys of the West,  
 We had foiled the fatal arrow they had aimed at Freedom's breast;

We had turned the honeyed potions they had tasted into gall,  
 We had changed their flaunting banner to a drooping, spectral pall;  
     And awaiting further orders,  
 We hailed with three times three,  
 The special one that came at last to send us to the sea.

#### EASTWARD BOUND.

The tedious river transports never bore such freight away,  
 As that which weighed them heavily that dull mid-winter day;  
 There were loyal hearts that ever beat in unison with right,  
 And loyal hands that oft had turned the darkness into light,  
 Far across the mighty country, out upon the angry waves,  
 Where the raging wild wind lashes and the briny water laves,  
 Daring death in all its phases, braving dangers wild and grand,  
 Round the breakers of Cape Hatteras, we struck Carolina's strand.

#### IN NORTH CAROLINA.

As withered leaves before the tempests fly,  
 As summer clouds career across the sky,  
 So rebel columns flew before our lines,  
 And sought the covert of their native pines.  
 Behind Fort Anderson's beleagured walls,  
 Where Town Creek's limpid water flows and falls;  
 And Kinston Plains, they fought to check the rout,  
 But learned anew the tact to "face about."

Those days within the old North State were rife  
 With more of merriment than angry strife,  
 With more of peaceful sounds than rude alarms,  
 And milder music than the clash of arms.  
 There Sherman's hosts came marching from the sea,  
 And woke the signal note of victory.  
 We heard the drums beat high, the bugles call  
 In glad triumphant tones, through "Mosley Hall,"  
 And then the tidings: "Grant is driving Lee,  
 And seals the doom of the Confederacy!"

Our lines were joyous when the tidings came,  
 While Johnston's legions bowed their heads with shame,  
 Threw down their weapons, their disasters cursed,  
 Invoked ill-luck upon us and dispersed.  
 While louder, longer, merrier grew the sound,  
 "Our country's flag! No foe can bear it down!  
 Though traitor hands would rend its folds in twain,  
 Eternal truth will make it whole again!  
 Our country is redeemed! let Freedom sing,  
 And all her children bear an offering!"

## AFTER THE WAR.

No more destroying war is heard to shriek,  
 Afar from plain to plain, from peak to peak,  
 His implements are rusting where they fell,  
 His sacrificial fires have ceased to swell;  
 And through the awful night is heard no more,  
 His heavy tread pass on from door to door,  
 Awaking helpless women from their sleep  
 To gaze on scenes of woe—and, gazing, weep;  
 A brighter spirit rules above us now,  
 Before whose shrine in gratefulness we bow;  
 Celestial Peace! first child of heaven born,  
 Mild as the evening, beautiful as morn.

With throbbing hearts we greet the era new,  
 Whose mighty problems press upon our view,  
 As *free men* let us solve them for the right,  
 As *true men* give our feeble brother light;  
 And, born anew, our HERITAGE shall spring  
 To life, as grand as that which poets sing.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR.

'Twas patriotism, spirit strong and pure,  
 That in the darkness inspiration gave,  
 And taught us how to struggle and endure,  
 Our birthright value and our freedom save.  
 So Scotland gained a Wallace and a Bruce,  
 And Switzerland a Winkleried and Tell,  
 And Poland, Kosciusko, when were loose  
 The vilest furies of the vilest hell.

Hail Patriotism! sacred and divine!  
 Sublime incentive of the human heart!  
 Supreme in every age, in every time!  
 Intense where freedom's truest instincts start!  
 Strongest where valor is to right allied!  
 Purest where honor sways the common mind!  
 Grandest when stemming wrong's impetuous tide,  
 Its needs in common cause vast armies bind!

Hail Patriotism! guardian of home!  
 Protector of the innocent and weak,  
 The hope of nations when disasters come,  
 The tyrant's dread when revolutions shriek.  
 God's noblest gift to man—a ready shield  
 To ward the stealthy felon's thrust away,  
 A power inspiring on the sanguine field,  
 When adverse armies meet in dread affray.

Hail Patriotism! with existence  
 Co-existent! All powerful! supreme!  
 Kindling in forest tribes its fires intense!  
 Sending through cultured hearts a fiery stream;  
 Lettered and unlettered, elegant and rude,  
 Refined and vulgar, mighty and obscure,  
 All with its perfect spirit are imbued,  
 All feel the promptings of its precepts pure.

Down the dim aisles of ages and behold  
 The marshaled multitudes in war's array!  
 Those fought for power, these for gold,  
 These for the hollow triumphs of a day!  
 But those, the long, bright, glittering train,  
 True to the principle instilled by Him—  
 Who mocks at earthly triumphs, power and gain—  
 Secured rewards that time nor age may dim.

O, blest rewards! Inspired, heroic band,  
 Whose deeds have filled a startled world with awe,  
 Whose glory lives in history and song,  
 And finds embodiment in every law.  
 O Spirit pure! possess this land of ours,  
 Inspire with earnestness each loyal heart,  
 Till high above all monarchies and powers  
 The starry flag of liberty shall start.

#### INVOCATION TO THE OLD FLAG.

See that banner! It no longer  
 Bears the stigma of dishonor;  
 All that cursed it has been spoiled,  
 And the foe that basely tore it  
 Learned to feel that freemen bore it,  
 When their hellish arts were foiled.

See that banner! Foes assailed it,  
 While our hearts in woe bewailed it,  
 But a million freemen hailed it,  
 And in awe around it knelt.

Swore they to forsake it never,  
 Swore the traitor bands to sever;  
 Life were little if forever  
 Foreign power must be felt.  
 Heroes to the mast-head nailed it,  
 Cleansed it when the traitor trailed it,  
 And when weaker allies failed it,  
 Blows of ten-fold vigor dealt.



See that banner! It has fluttered  
 Where the hosts of treason muttered,  
 When in thunder-tones was uttered,  
 "Beat the standard-bearer down!"  
 But the hand that proudly waved it  
 Laid the rebel low that braved it,  
 Yet the life was lost that saved it—  
 On his head-board Fame engraved it,  
 Grouped beside the martyr's crown.

See that banner! Stained and gory,  
 It was bathed in streams of glory;  
 Youth, and age with tresses hoary,  
 Wrapped them in its folds to die.  
 See! the light of Freedom's morning,  
 All its floating folds adorning;  
 See! oppression it is scorning,  
 As it mounts unto the sky.

See that banner! It is burning  
 With the love upon it turning,  
 Swelling with a holy yearning  
 That its blessings all may know.  
 Men from stupor it is waking,  
 And the old black laws is breaking,  
 While the monarchies are quaking,  
 Soon to fall and crumble low.  
 Blessed banner! mighty lever!  
 That all forms of wrong shall sever;  
 Float on proudly! float on ever,  
 While the rivers seaward flow.



